This man ſhall ſet me packing,
I'le lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counſailer
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
VVho was in life a moſt fooliſh prating knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King, and Queene, with Roſencraus and Guyldenſterne.

King. There's matter in theſe ſighes, theſe profound heaues,
You muſt tranſlate, tis fit we vnderſtand them,
VVhere is your ſonne?
Gert. Beſtow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?
King. VVhat *Gertard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?
Gert. Mad as the ſea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawleſſe fit,
Behind the Arras hearing ſome thing ſtir,
Whips out his Rapier, cryeis a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainiſh apprehenſion kills
The vnſeene good old man.
King. O heauy deed!
It had beene ſo with vs had we bin there,
His libertie is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the owner of a foule diſeaſe
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?
Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madneſſe like ſome ore
Among a minerall of mettals baſe,
Shewes it ſelfe pure, a weeps for what is done.
King. *Gertrad*, come away,

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22278) LONDON, [c. 1625] THE BODLEIAN